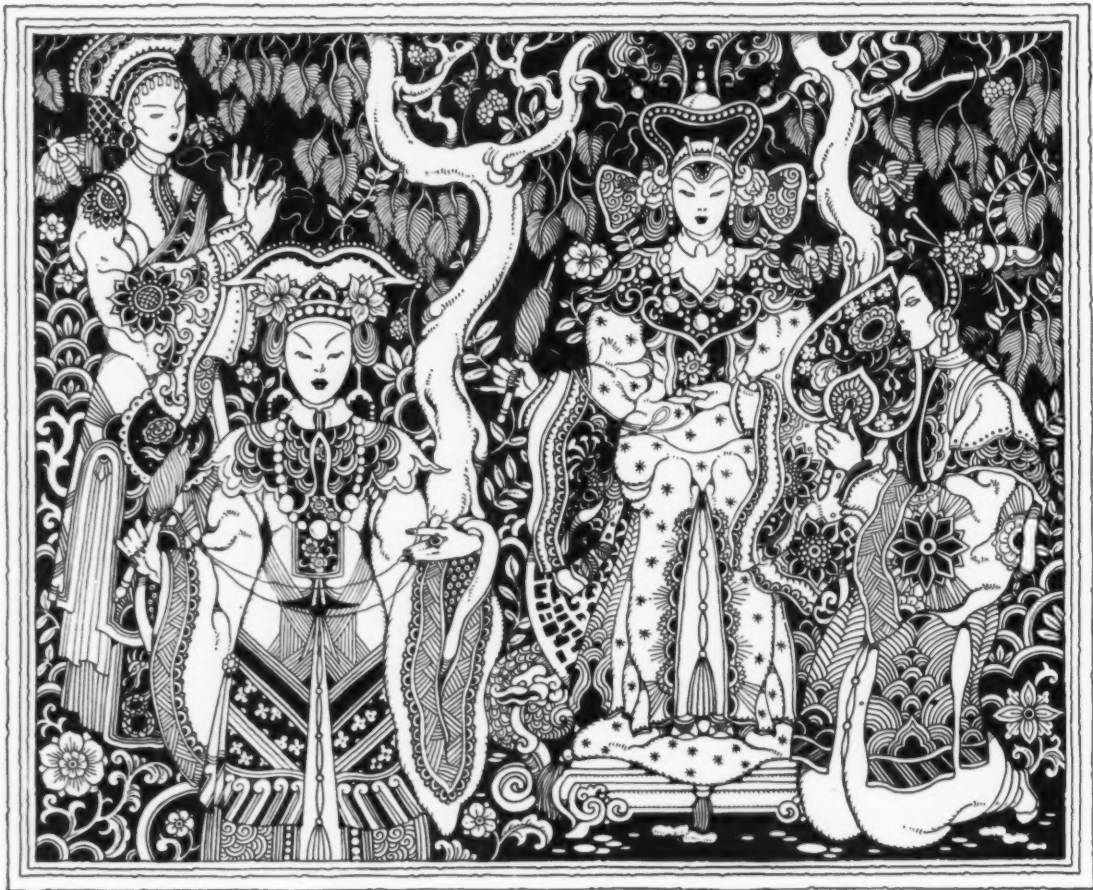


AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS "I Serve"

October 1937





A New Dress for the Empress

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Decoration by Marie Lawson

She sat in the shade of her mulberry trees,
The empress of ancient Cathay,
With a sound in her ears which was not like
the breeze,
And not like the rain but much softer than
these,
And its rhythm went on night and day.

She watched and she listened in wonder, and
soon

She found little worms by the score
Were spinning, each one, a soft shiny cocoon;
Then, done with the spinning, they slept a
full moon,
And as moths, sought the sunshine once
more.

Discarded cocoons lay about on the ground,
And the empress, with curious touch,
Drew out the soft threads that folded them
round
And felt the light strength as her fingers
were bound
And held in its delicate clutch.

Then came a thought—"I'll unwind the
strands

And weave a gay dress that will shine!
So come then, my maidens—with light
patient hands,
Wrap length after length of the glittering
bands,
And what a bright robe shall be mine!"

That gay little empress of ancient Cathay
With the silken-bound spindle she twirled,
Had more than a robe in that shining array—
For the secret her wit had discovered that day
Gave silk to Cathay—and the world.

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The October News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art and Handwork:

"Front Cover," "A Jeweler and a Bird's Feather," "The New Poster," "The Program Picture," "School Correspondence," "Making Marionettes" also will interest art teachers. See, too, "Our Juniors Keep Busy."

Citizenship and Guidance:

"Our Juniors Keep Busy," "The Little Shop in Toad Lane," "The Values," "Supper's Ready"

English:

"A New Dress for the Empress," "Something to Read"

Geography:

China—"A New Dress for the Empress," "A Jeweler and a Bird's Feather"

England—"The Little Shop in Toad Lane"

Mauritius—"Story of the Dodo"

Mexico—"The Values"

United States—"Supper's Ready," "The Program Picture," "Our Juniors Keep Busy," "The Mansion"

Other Countries—"Juniors Abroad"

Nature Study:

"Story of the Dodo," "A New Dress for the Empress"

Primary:

"The Mansion," "The Robins Correspond." In connection with "The Mansion" your pupils may enjoy hearing you read Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners."

There are other features within the range of interest of primary pupils in this issue though you may have to do the reading: "A New Dress for the Empress," "The Values," "A Jeweler and a Bird's Feather," "Supper's Ready," "Story of the Dodo," and both book reviews.

Reading:

1. How do silk worms sound when they are at work? 2. What do you know about the manufacture of silk?

1. How did the invention of machines change the lives of the people of Toad Land? 2. Ask your fathers and mothers to help you find out about consumers' cooperatives today.

1. Why did Nico and his school mates celebrate Columbus Day? 2. Retell this story at a Parent Teachers' meeting.

1. What is the legend about the kingfisher jewelry? 2. What is the most interesting piece of jewelry you ever saw?

1. How did Lucy Ann save the furniture and money? 2. What are some characteristics of a good pioneer?

1. Why are there no more Dodos? 2. How does the Government try to conserve wild life?

1. How can a marionette be made? 2. Make one.

1. What is the subject of the new Junior Red Cross poster? 2. How have advances in communication made world cooperation more important?

1. How did Sir William Bragg carry on the work begun by Michael Faraday? 2. What difference does modern communication make for life and health?

1. Which of the books reviewed would you like to read first? 2. Review some book in a way to help others know whether they want to read it.

1. How many kinds of illustrations for school correspondence are shown in this magazine? 2. Talk over interesting kinds of illustrations for the album you are making.

1. How many examples of accident prevention activities are given in the news notes? 2. What other activities reported specially interest you?

1. What is the story of the PROGRAM picture? 2. What service activities on the October PROGRAM page suggest things that you can do?

1. What are some ways that Junior Red Cross members of other countries earn money? 2. Select one apiece from "Juniors Abroad" to retell for oral English.

1. Name the interesting things Alice and her parents found in the mansion. 2. Tell about some piece of old furniture you have seen.

1. What do the Canadian robins want to know about birds of other lands? 2. Write a letter, for a United States mocking bird, to a robin in Canada.

1. What hazards do the crosses mark? 2. Ask your Junior Red Cross Chapter to get accident prevention lists for you to take home.

For Units

Communication and transportation—"The New Poster," "Roads," "Magic in the Ether," "The Robins Correspond"

Conservation of life and property—"Story of the Dodo," "Hazards in the Home"

Consumption, production and distribution of goods—"The Little Shop in Toad Lane"

Exploration and pioneer life—"Supper's Ready," "Seven Simeons," "Magic in the Ether," "The Mansion"

Health and safety—"Our Juniors Keep Busy," "Juniors Abroad," "Hazards in the Home"

Industry, Weaving, Silk—"A New Dress for the Empress," "The Little Shop in Toad Lane," "A Jeweler and a Bird's Feather"

Effects of machine production on living—"A New Dress for the Empress," "The Little Shop in Toad Lane," "A Jeweler and a Bird's Feather," "The Mansion," "Magic in the Ether"

Developing Program Activities for October

Partnership in Senior Roll Call

MEMBERS of long standing as well as newly enrolled classes are reminded of the opportunities open to Junior members in Senior Roll Call. It is legitimate for Junior Red Cross members to co-operate in the senior Red Cross Roll Call in all ways that have educational value. This is an excellent time, if the course of study permits, to study the Red Cross as a worldwide movement towards social synthesis, an instrument through which men of many nations express their humane impulses. The movement has been democratic and flexible, meeting varying conditions of different nations and races. The central idea is the belief that human needs supersede political and other differences. Particularly in times of stress, such as war or great disaster, those who suffer must be considered as fellowmen rather than as individuals of opposing points of view.

The peacetime program of the Red Cross in all countries extends and refines this ideal applying it in many constructive ways to the everyday well-being of citizens of each nation. The most important single reference is ARC 626, *The Story of the Red Cross*, free on request.

The International Committee at Geneva is the committee that organizes and administers the work of the Red Cross particularly in times of war, as agreed on by the international Red Cross treaty among governments, with regard to the care of the wounded and other war sufferers. The League of Red Cross Societies with headquarters at Paris is the clearing house chiefly for the peacetime programs of the Red Cross Societies of all countries. There is close coordination between the two bodies.

The Red Cross financial policy with regard to Junior Red Cross requires that any money collected in schools from pupils in the name of the Red Cross shall be administered not as a part of Roll Call funds but as a Junior Red Cross Service Fund used first to pay for school membership and to insure that the pupils receive the special material and privileges due them, and second for Junior service activities carried out in harmony with Red Cross policies and approved jointly by the local Red Cross Chapter and school authorities.

Standards for Gifts

The point of emphasis in the PROGRAM this month is that service shall meet the test of reality; in other words that the need must be a real one. If the need is genuine it follows that the gifts must really meet the need. This gives reason for high quality of work done for service. The manner of giving, that is, "manners" in giving, is also closely related to the Red Cross ideal of universal partnership of helping one another rather than bestowing bounty on the less favored.

Art Covers for Christmas Menus

In 1936 Junior Red Cross members sent to United States vessels on the high seas 61,288 hand-made artistic covers for Christmas menus. This activity is open from the seventh grade up. Covers are made of art paper 6" x 9" when folded. The designs are original, frequently with some nautical motif or a

Christmas theme. Designs are made from linoleum-block prints, water colors, ink, pastel. They must be ready for mailing by December 1. Write your headquarters office well in advance telling how many covers your pupils would like to make and asking for the address of a vessel.

Rural and Smaller Schools

The PROGRAM lists activities possible through collaboration between rural and town schools. Examples of such cooperation have come from several places:

Richland County, Columbia, South Carolina, has an active county council which meets monthly. All schools save tin foil for their service fund. The Olympia School, a county consolidated school, collected magazines for shut-ins, sent baskets of flowers to the sick, made more than \$20.00 for their service fund through an operetta and with the fund helped clothe two boys in need.

The Escambia County Chapter, Florida, held the first county council meeting last spring with eleven schools represented. Important services last year included sending gifts to children in flood refugee camps, giving Junior Red Cross plays in school assemblies, and improving the coordination between Junior and Senior Red Cross activities.

Lafayette Parish, Louisiana, includes both city and rural schools in Junior Red Cross enrollment. The members have taken an active part in Red Cross Roll Call by making posters and writing essays. The best essay is broadcast. Posters are also made for the accident prevention program. Christmas gifts to children in the nearby leprosarium, and toys for the crippled children's clinic, including special toys to meet special requests of the crippled children, are made as part of community Junior Red Cross service.

In Henry County, Tennessee, a Thanksgiving service last year included the presentation of a Junior Red Cross play, and also baskets of fruit to the county home. This service was a Civics class project and was given a rounded out educational value through reading about the institution before and after the visit, and by reports on the visit.

An Art Project

From the Columbia Junior High School in Peoria, Illinois, a report was sent in, telling how pupils made murals to illustrate nursery rhymes for a newly decorated children's home. Twelve of the pictures were presented at a special program.

The students worked one hour a day for almost three school months over the preliminary and final composition plans which were finally enlarged into pictures 3' x 4'. The project was so popular that pupils asked for it again. The following outline shows the development of the unit:

1. Abstract charcoal compositions were made using the circle, triangle, the rectangle as a unit. This preliminary was necessary to give a feeling for spacing in composition. Then these three basic shapes were combined to make one final abstract design or composition.

2. Tracing paper was placed over this abstract design and the children asked to look at them until they began to see pictures suggested by them, all the time thinking of nursery rhymes. Active imaginations did not take long to see a suggestion. The outline drawing was begun and a picture gradually "grew" out of the abstract design; this was done on the tracing paper.

3. The design was transferred to water color paper and shading was done with soft pencil. Finally water color was painted over the black and white composition.

4. Pencil lines drawn every inch on the original and every four inches on the three by four foot "tuff wood"

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The Junior Red Cross in an Elementary School

THE way in which Junior Red Cross is useful in an elementary school program was developed in the following article by Mr. Arthur L. Pursell, Principal of the Central Grammar School, Tulare, California, at a conference of Junior Red Cross sponsors from schools in that territory.

Education, as it has been conceived for many generations, has for its purpose the training of children in the skills commonly known as fundamentals. More recently our conception of what constitutes the fundamentals has been enlarged. May we not now include in this time honored group, the skill of living together as good neighbors regardless of color, creed, or country? Certainly, modern education cannot escape the obligation of trying to teach boys and girls to be considerate of others, to be helpful at all times, and to enlarge the concept of brotherhood to include all human kind.

The Junior Red Cross, with its emphasis on international friendliness is able to aid in this part of education in no small degree. The exchange of gift boxes at Christmas time, the exchange of dolls from different countries, and the writing of friendly letters to children in other parts of the world all tend to build up a bond between children of different races.

These activities correlate well with the social studies in our curriculum and provide the opportunity to practice the principles emphasized.

In order that others may see in what way and degree these things are being worked out in the Tulare Elementary School System we offer the following outline of activities as they are related to our curriculum. We hope that this will be helpful to other schools and provide suggestions which may be usable in developing Junior Red Cross chapters in other systems.

Self-government

Junior Red Cross activities provide much opportunity for practicing the principles of self-government through the organization of committees and the formulation and execution of policies. In the spring officers are elected for the coming school year. Our faculty acts as a nominating committee providing what they believe to be a representative slate from which pupils choose officers. The pupils arrange themselves into parties and at one of the assemblies campaign managers present their candidates to the student body. Active campaigning is carried forward by the pupils and their campaign managers. Much interest is created and the results of the election are looked forward to with much eagerness.

Representative Government

In addition to this annual election during the semester each room elects two representatives, one girl and one boy, who meet weekly in a council with representatives from the other rooms and with the sponsor, to take up matters pertaining to the conduct of Junior Red Cross business. The matters taken up are then reported each week to the home rooms during the class meeting period. The class representatives act as connecting links between the council and classes. Representatives may carry suggestions both to and from classes.

Citizenship

We are good citizens because of the way we act, and we act because of underlying motives and ideals.

Active participation in the program of the Junior Red Cross organizations, because of its emphasis upon service and consideration for others, cannot fail to establish those motives and ideals which make for good citizenship.

Character Education

It is the custom for each class to adopt a shut-in for the year. On special holidays, such as Thanksgiving or Christmas, the pupils of each class send greetings or boxes of appropriate gifts and cards to their adopted shut-ins. That this custom brings added cheer and happiness is amply attested by the notes of appreciation returned to the classes by their shut-ins. Not the least of the values in doing this sort of thing is the formation of the habit of remembering others in less fortunate circumstances.

In addition to the room shut-ins the school participates in two or three visits to the County Hospital and Old People's Home, and brings music or other entertainment to cheer the ones confined there. Scrapbooks and special cards and gifts are sent to the hospital and sanitarium at these times also.

Music

Especially at Easter time and Christmas the music department, under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross, provides appropriate music and entertains the inmates of the County Hospital and Old People's Home. These services are rendered in the name of our Junior Red Cross organization, and pupils feel they are serving as a part of their Junior Red Cross opportunity.

The music consists of band or orchestra selections, solos and other combinations as well as vocal choruses. The institutions served in the past have come to look forward keenly to these visits from the Tulare schools.

Art

Junior Red Cross activities may be made to correlate with the art program of the school in a natural way. When the annual drive for memberships is launched at the beginning of the year, posters announcing the event are made. Place cards for various occasions, Christmas and Easter cards to be sent to our shut-ins and friends of the hospitals and home for the aged can be made by the art department. Such occasions provide for purposeful work in art.

English

The wording of posters, the reports of committee-men and representatives, letters to shut-ins, and campaign speeches all contribute to improvement in written and spoken English. The opportunity to speak before the whole student body gives candidates for office a chance to try themselves out, where what they say and how they say it will very surely have an influence on the future for them.

Public Service

We have been able to serve in an outstanding way each year by assisting in the annual Roll Call of the adult chapter. Posters and other material pertaining to the Roll Call are distributed by Junior Red Cross members.

The visits to hospitals and other institutions for the

(Continued on page 4)

Fitness for Service for October

Adventures in New Foods

IN addition to the explorations listed in the PROGRAM activities others may be suggested:

1. Each week prepare a new kind of salad or cook some vegetable a new way for the school luncheon. Ask mothers to contribute recipes.
2. Visit a local market to get ideas for your list of regulating foods, energy foods, and building foods. Note which are cheap and which expensive foods.
3. Plan the meals for a day, following the daily food guide, choosing foods from each group that are moderate in cost.
4. Find out about the regulations of your local health department regarding the handling and display of fresh foods.
5. List the foods in the market which were shipped in from another state or country. Find out what protection the Pure Food and Drug Administration gives you as a consumer of these products.
6. Find out what the most prominent foods are in the diets of people of other countries that you are studying or who live in your community.
7. Begin a collection of recipes of popular foods from other countries. Ask your mothers to help you try out some of these at home. Decide what foods should accompany the foreign dishes you select to make a well balanced meal.

Balanced Diet

The three things that food must do are:

1. Build tissue, meaning bone, muscle, nerves, and blood. This group includes chiefly milk and cheese

products, meat, fish, and eggs, and those vegetables which may be used occasionally as a substitute for meat such as dried beans, peas, nuts.

2. Give energy. This group includes the fats, sugars, and starches, such as cereals and bread stuffs, macaroni, potatoes, rice, tapioca, navy and lima beans, dates, prunes, raisins, butter, cream and nuts.

3. To regulate. This group includes the vitamin and mineral-containing foods, such as green leafy and yellow vegetables, fresh and dried fruits and dairy products.

None of these are inflexible classifications since most foods have some values for all three purposes. The important thing is that the diet shall not be over or under-balanced in any one group.

A Daily Guide

A balanced diet each day for a growing boy or girl is as follows:

Milk—one quart, or at least one pint

Eggs—one a day, or at least two to four a week

Lean meat, fish, or poultry—one medium serving (with occasional substitutes of dried navy beans, peas, or nuts)

Cereals and bread stuffs, including some whole grains

Fruits—two a day, or at least one, preferably one citrus fruit or tomatoes

Vegetables—two a day besides potatoes, preferably a green or yellow vegetable

(Continued from page 2)

(a really warpleless wall board) made enlarging the original easy.

5. As near an exact color and tone reproduction as was possible was then painted into the outline on the wall board. Easel paints (dry paint mixed with water scenery paint) and various sizes of bristle brushes were used for this. The brushes were never thicker than three-eighths of an inch; they had long handles. The hardest part here was to estimate the amount of change in tone and brilliance which would occur as this paint dried.

6. When finished all of the murals were sprayed thickly with fixative.

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purpose of making life more pleasant for the inmates might be considered a form of public service.

Business Management

The officers of the organization have a considerable amount of participation in good business management. Books are kept and good business form is adhered to. The secretary's and treasurer's books are inspected frequently and are models of good form.

Newspaper Work

Among the officers of the organization is a news reporter who keeps the local newspaper informed of events and activities. The news articles are usually printed as they are turned in by the reporter. The Junior Red Cross unit then clips the articles and keeps them in its files.

An exchange is maintained with other schools who issue school papers or publications.

In conclusion it might be interesting to quote from some of the pupils who have been members of the Junior Red Cross unit at Central School, Tulare. The pupils who gave their reactions to the program as carried out here did not sign their names, as it was thought they might express themselves more freely if they knew their identity would be concealed.

"The Junior Red Cross has made life in other parts of the country clearer to me. It has also made me realize what such a large organization can do towards helping in the community and far distant places where some disaster has occurred. The Junior Red Cross has aroused my interest in many more ways than these I have mentioned . . ."

"My being a part of the Red Cross and seeing the unfortunate cared for, has made me feel as though it is part of my daily duty to do so. I hope that when I leave school I may have a part in the work of the Red Cross."

"The small amount of money for membership with others, I know that it has stretched itself into doing greater deeds."

The wording is a bit obscure in some of the quotations but the intent of the authors and their evident sincerity are clear enough. The faculty of Central School, Tulare, feel that this organization has been a distinct asset to our curriculum. If building better citizens is the chief job of the modern school we feel that the Junior Red Cross is an excellent medium for assisting in this process.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

October • 1937

The Little Shop in Toad Lane

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

DOWN to the middle of the eighteenth century there were no machines in the world such as we have today. There were no factories where things were made; most of the things people needed they made themselves. At that time, England was one of the great cloth-making countries of the world. The work of making cloth was all done in the homes of the people, and all day long the hum of the spinning wheel and the clack-clack of the loom could be heard in many a little cottage, as whole communities in the north of England busied themselves with spinning and weaving.

Then a number of remarkable machines were invented which entirely changed the way people worked. The spinners and weavers were too poor to buy the new machines and their houses were too small to hold them. After their invention, any man who had made money in one way or another and who wished to make a business of spinning and weaving, bought a number of machines, put up a building to hold them, and hired people to run them. In this way the first factories came to be built. And after the factories came, the spinners and weavers had to put away their spinning wheels and looms and go to the factories to tend the machines.

Working hours in the factories, or mills, as they were often called, were cruelly long, and the wages paid were pitifully small. As the father was not able to earn enough to support his family, everyone in the family had to work, even the little children. And although they all worked from dawn till late at night they

could scarcely make enough to buy food and clothing and the rent for a place to live in.

Many of the factory owners seldom saw their employees and took little interest in them, but there was one who did. His name was Robert Owen.

As a boy, Robert Owen had been an apprentice in a factory, and when he grew up he became owner of a mill at New Lanark. The thought of the hard lot of the working people weighed heavily upon him, and he determined to do what he could to help them. He built a model factory for his workers, which was light and airy. He shortened the hours of work, and he raised wages. He believed that the evils of his day came from competition, and that cooperation should take its place, and he tried to bring about this change.

For thirteen years Robert Owen tested out his ideas at New Lanark. Then he tried to get other factory owners to do the same thing. His dream was to have around every factory a model community for the workers where they could own everything in common. Then, thought Robert Owen, everybody would be industrious and happy and if such communities spread, England would become a brotherhood of workers.

But the factory owners rose up against Robert Owen. Such foolish ideas, they said, would ruin their business.

"Perish the cotton trade, perish the superiority of our country (if it depends upon the cotton trade) rather than that they shall be upheld by the sacrifice of everything valuable in life by those who are the means of



The little shop in Toad Lane

supporting them," replied Robert Owen.

Failing to accomplish his purpose in England, Robert Owen came to this country and bought a large tract of land in Indiana, which he called New Harmony. Here he tried to set up a cooperative community but, unfortunately, it was not a success, and after three years it had to be given up.

It seemed as if Robert Owen had failed in what he had tried to do. But he had not failed, for his idea lived on in the minds of the working people of England. And after a while little groups of mill workers tried to form cooperative societies. There were many difficulties, and these first attempts of the workers also ended in failure. But still the idea of cooperation persisted.

During the winter of 1843, a little group of poor weavers met frequently at the Weavers' Arms in the town of Rochdale in the heart of the factory district. They talked of the bad times and the hard lot of the working people, and they tried to think out a way to better their condition. They had tried to get the mill owners to raise their wages, and had failed. If they could not increase their wages, they must find some way to make their small earnings go further.

"I've got it!" cried Charles Howarth, one day, after passing a sleepless night trying to think out a plan. His idea was for the weavers to form a cooperative society and to run their own store. By buying things in large quantities at low prices and running the store themselves, they could save the profits that went to the storekeeper and return them to those who bought in the shop.

Other workers had tried to run cooperative stores and had failed, but Charles Howarth's plan was different from anything that had been tried before. Things were to be sold at the regular retail prices, and the profits of the business were to be divided among the members in proportion to the amount of their purchases in the store.

Full of enthusiasm, Charles Howarth called a meeting of the weavers at the Weavers' Arms and explained his plan to them.

"Save only tuppence (four cents) a week from your wages, and we will make our plan succeed. It must succeed!" said Howarth.

A subscription list was passed around and twelve weavers agreed to give twopence a week from their small wages. Thus the Equitable Society of Rochdale Pioneers was launched. Charles Howarth drew up a few simple rules for the society. Later more weavers joined until there were twenty-eight members in all.

For almost a year the weavers saved their pennies before they had enough money to start their store. As news of the plan spread there was much talk in the neighborhood about "the crazy weavers of Rochdale," the "penny capitalists," and "the storekeepers without a store," but this ridicule did not stop the weavers from going on with their plan.

By the next winter they had enough money saved, and Charles Howarth and some others went to look for a place for the store. In the poor part of the town was Toad Lane, a narrow, mud-puddled street, lined with ramshackle buildings. Here the cooperators found a warehouse and decided that the ground floor would be a good place for their shop.

At first the owner of the building was unwilling to rent the place for such a foolish purpose, and was only persuaded to do so when Charles Howarth stepped forward and said, "Will you take me for a tenant? I will guarantee to pay the rent in advance." So it

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The Values

IDELLA PURNELL

Illustrations by Constance Whittemore

NICO VASQUEZ was proud and frightened, both at the same time. He was in charge of the Columbus Day program at the Instituto Colón in Guadalajara. And his father and mother had come, in the hot, dusty camion, all the way from Ayutla to see the program. So Nico was proud because of his great responsibility, and frightened lest anything go wrong.

He flew from place to place, all over the big building called the Colón, for Cristobal Colón, who had discovered America. The school named for him must have the finest celebration of any in town! Nico ran to Miss Margarita's rooms, where she was helping the actors and actresses into their costumes. He ran to Miss Catherine's room, and made sure that all the faces were being painted just right, and the right wigs put on. He ran down to the stage, and counted all the properties again. They were all there. He peeked out at the audience through a crack between the curtains. Some of the audience was there, too! In the very front row, where they had waited patiently for nearly an hour, were his own father and mother.

Nico's heart beat faster and a choky feeling came into his throat. They did look so nice! Papacito was a poor miner. If you looked at his hands, you could almost guess it, they were so rough and worn. Of course he didn't dig with his hands; he used a miner's pick. But he often was excited when he thought he had found good ore, with gold and silver in it; and when he was excited he often dropped his pick, after loosening the rocks, and pulled out the best ore with his hands. To Papacito, all life was like mining. When everything went right he would say they "were in the vein." When he had no work for a long time, and their money was all gone, and they had nothing to eat for days and days but beans and corn from their patch, he would grow gloomy and say they were in "country rock," now.



She clapped on his wig of long black curls

When he found rich ore he would show it to Nico, and help him to find the spots that he called "the values." Silver looked like silver even in ore, but most gold looked only like a discoloration of the rock. "You see, my son," Papacito would say, "we must not judge by appearances!" And always he told Nico to look for "the values" in life.

Nico raced up to Miss Margarita's room for his own costume, and then to Miss Catherine's for his make-up. How clever her strong white fingers were, rubbing cream and paints and powders into his face. Then she clapped on his wig, a wig of such long black curls as Cristobal Colón must have had.

"Now, Chris!" she said, and showed him his image in a long-handled mirror.

Nico thought he looked very much like Colón. Of course Colón had been older—Nico was only twelve; but then, he was one of the oldest boys in the school. He had not wanted to be Colón, at first. He didn't think it was modest for the program director to be the star! But Miss Margarita and Miss Catherine



Happily and proudly he leaped down from the stage

had laughed and told him that, for the honor of the school, he must. No one else could remember lines as well as Nico, and besides, hadn't he written the play?

Now they were ready. Nico felt the palms of his hands cold and damp. His stomach felt as though he had eaten iron posts for lunch, instead of the delicious chicken tamales his mother had made for him and brought all the way from Ayutla. He was so afraid something would go wrong.

Miss Catherine was at the piano. All the children not in the play were in the patio (the square courtyard) of the building. Nico whispered "Hush! Hush!" to those who would be in the program. They were making too much noise.

Now the music began! Everyone stood up as the beloved tune came to them. The children were singing their national anthem as they marched in. They sat in the two rows reserved for them in the audience.

The music stopped.

Nico stepped out, through the curtains to the stage. He found that now the hall was packed with well-dressed parents. Someone in the audience giggled, and for a minute Nico's voice would not come. Then he heard himself speaking.

"The Instituto Colón welcomes you to this program. What you will see and hear is in honor of the great Cristobal Colón, who discovered our country, and for whom our school is named."

Modestly he stepped back and let the curtains fall together again. He was sorry his papa and his mama had not been able to have

good clothes, like those of the other parents. His mother had on the kind of clean, starched cotton dress country women wear, made by herself. His father wore white cotton trousers and coat in the country, but had put overalls on over them to come to town, as the law required. His bare feet were in sandals he had made himself.

Nico felt himself growing hot with shame for them, dressed so poorly and so differently from the city parents.

But the second grade was singing a song, and one of the little boys fell off the platform! And a little girl from the third grade almost forgot her speech, until Nico hissed it at her from behind the stage. The other grades did better, and then came the turn of Nico's own sixth grade, and the play!

The curtain went up to disclose the throne room of the Queen of Spain. Chabelita Gomez, one of the prettiest and cleverest girls in the sixth, was Queen Isabella, holding a sceptre, wearing a long robe and crown. Nico—no, Columbus!—entered, and unrolling a long scroll told her his plan to discover the Indies. Isabella at once rose, and went to a near-by table on which was a box. She handed it to him, saying, "Here are my jewels. Take them, and go!" Columbus knelt and kissed her hand as the curtain fell.

In the second scene Columbus and his sailors were shown in the caravel, a boat made grandly of two rocking chairs with a brightly painted cardboard boat in front of them. Rocking and rocking, Columbus' men told him they would go no farther with him on such a crazy trip—and suddenly land was discovered!

In the third scene the sailors and Columbus landed, and the Indian woman Malinche gave flowers to him, while other Indians greeted the sailors with flowers. Miss Margarita had told Nico that it was too bad to remember that the real Malinche was the friend of Cortez, not of Columbus! But she said the scene was so pretty they would leave it in, and besides, maybe Columbus knew a Malinche, too!

The last scene was a grand Union of all Nations! Indians, sailors, the United States of North America, France, Germany, Arabia

and India, wearing sheets and bath towels, and Japan in a kimono, with her two index fingers held straight up in the air before her, because so many Mexicans have the mistaken idea that Japanese women walk that way!

It was a great success!

But the greatest success was the discovery in Nico's heart, just as the play ended, that he loved his parents and was proud of them, no matter how they might be dressed. He

suddenly remembered that good ore often looks like any crumbling red rock—and yet it may be full of gold. He suddenly remembered his father's voice, saying, "Always look for the values, my Nico, always look for the values!"

Happily and proudly he leaped down from the stage, to embrace his parents, and then to lead them up to Miss Catherine. In his mind was a funny little song, chanting, "Pure gold! Pure gold!"

A Jeweler and a Bird's Feather

KATHARINE GIBSON WICKS

Illustration by Charles Dunn

THIS story may well be only a legend, but the kind of jewelry it describes is very real, the manner of making it, quite true. Wherever fine pieces are found, they are prized and treasured. The tale begins in the best possible way, "once upon a time."

Once upon a time in northern China, there was an honest jeweler whose name has long since been forgotten but who, for the space of this story, will be called Chang. He lived peaceably with his wife and three children—Little Chang, Wu, and a baby girl, Ko-ai. As the jeweler Chang was hard-working, and industrious, and very skillful indeed, he always had many customers. His wife had plenty of silk to make clothes for herself and the children; warm, padded covers for winter; and for the summer, a beautiful garden in which she could rest and the children could play. But one dark night while this good family slept, robbers broke into the shop. They took all the gold, the silver, the corals, the pearls from which Chang made his jewels. Nothing was left for the unhappy man except his useless tools, for his money had likewise been stolen. He was so worried for fear want would come to his family that, in a single night, his hair turned white. From shop to shop, from house to house, he went asking for work, but no one would employ him. There was no place anywhere. At home his family was without food. His wife had sold her silks, even sold the autumn plants from her garden for a few



He saw that the brilliant object was only a dead kingfisher

handfuls of rice. When that was gone, she and the three children went onto the streets to beg. But as they had never done such a thing before, they knew none of the beggar's tricks; they could not put themselves forward or whine for coppers, and so received almost nothing. Day by day, terror and starvation crept nearer and nearer.

One morning Chang, the jeweler, was walking near the river thinking of his unhappy state. Little Chang was so thin he could hardly stand; Wu cried for food, and tiny Ko-ai was so pale she might have been made of the snow which now covered fields and houses. It was winter. The river was caught in chains of ice; the trees were bare and black; the sky, heavy and dull. As he looked upon this desolate scene, Chang saw something on



A bride's head-dress of kingfisher jewelry

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

the frozen bank that gleamed and sparkled with a brightness that astonished him. He hastened to the spot, but when he came up to it, he saw that the brilliant object lying there was only a dead Fei-Tsou, a dead kingfisher. The poor bird had perished with the cold. Filled with pity, Chang picked up the little feathered creature and held it in his hand to admire the deep, sparkling blue of its plumage. All at once he struck his forehead. "An idea," he said, "the Hundred Gods are good to me." He turned and hurried home, only stopping to gather all the dry sticks he could carry.

When he reached his shop, he fired the long-cold furnace in which he had been used to heating gold and silver. He looked about him, hoping that once more good fortune would be with him, and that somewhere he would find a bit of metal. His eye fell upon the bolt of the door which was of copper. This he beat into plates, very small ones, which he worked over feverishly. Upon each of the small plates he traced a fine pattern; this pattern he outlined with wire made from his copper bolt. Had he been rich he would have filled in the tiny spaces outlined by the wire with jewels or fine glass-like substance, called enamel, that gleams as brightly as a gem. Alas, he had neither jewels nor enamel. But the tiny

spaces "fenced off" by his wires, he inlaid with bits of the brilliant blue kingfisher's feather. He worked without ceasing; and at last he had made an elaborate pin to be worn in the hair of some fine lady.

When the pin was finished he carried it to a rich man whom he knew, a Mandarin, who had a wife, well known for her taste and her love of beautiful objects, especially jewelry. The Mandarin examined the pin carefully. He had never seen anything to compare with it, and for that matter, neither had anyone else.

"This blue brighter than turquoise, these greens like spring grass, these bits of red like flame, where did they come from?"

"Only a few days ago," answered Chang, "I found the body of a kingfisher; the little bird had been killed by the great cold. It is his feathers that you see in my pin."

"Here is something wonderful and new," the Mandarin nodded his head with pleasure. He paid Chang well, and hastened to take the pin to his wife.

Chang went home as fast as he could hurry. That night fires burned warmly in his house, the table was set with good food, warm padded comforts waited to have three tired but happy children tucked snugly beneath them.

"Oh father," said little Chang, "tomorrow I will help you. I will tend your furnace and gather sticks. Then you can spend all your time making the beautiful kingfisher jewelry."

"And I will help Chang," said Wu, though his thin legs, brittle from the long siege of hunger, could barely carry him.

The baby Ko-ai smiled for the first time in many weeks, and a soft glow showed upon her cheeks. She no longer looked like a tiny statue made from ice or snow.

Chang made many pieces of jewelry with little Chang to help him, and Wu, now grown round and fat as a spring duckling, toddling after. Finally, he had enough money so that he could purchase gold and silver; but he bought no more gems. He used only the kingfisher's feathers.

While the jeweler worked day after day, great things were happening in the family of the Mandarin. He had been promoted to a high office at the court of the Emperor, and his wife was to be presented to the Empress, the Queen of Heaven. As the wife of the Mandarin bowed low before the great Empress Mother, upon the shining black hair of the

kneeling figure, the Empress saw a marvelous silver and blue head-dress, gleaming here and there with bits of red or green. This head-dress had been bought from Chang by the Mandarin in order to celebrate the honor which had come to his household. The Empress at once asked about the jeweled decoration. Trembling with awe because she was being questioned by so august a personage, the Mandarin's wife told, as best she could, the story of poor Chang and his discovery.

Not long afterwards, Wu was playing at the door of his father's shop. "Oh," he cried, "here comes a great noble, a great lord. He rides a fine black horse, and I think, yes, he is asking for you, father." Wu was right, the nobleman was a messenger from the Empress. Chang, the jeweler, was invited to come to the royal city of Peking, there to make kingfisher jewelry for the Queen of Heaven, herself, and for the Court.

The years passed, but Chang and his sons did not forget that they were simple jewelers. They were given a fine shop; in it they worked

slowly and carefully; and year by year Wu and Little Chang—now as big as his father—grew more and more skillful. Wreaths, pins, bracelets, were made in endless variety, each different from the other; and trade increased.

Finally, the daughter of the Emperor and Empress was to be married to a mighty King. Upon her wedding day she wore a head-dress, glistening blue, green, scarlet, made for her by Chang from the feathers that grow upon the throat and breast of the kingfisher. From that day on, kingfisher head-dresses were thought of as being especially for brides. Chang and his sons continued to prosper. And after their time, others took up the craft. Here and there in the world there are to be found to this day fine bits of kingfisher jewelry. Turquoise is dull beside the gleam of the tiny plumes, emeralds cold against the lights and shadows of the greener feathers. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the jewelry is this: though it looks frail and delicate as was the tiny Ko-ai, it is, after all, as sturdy and strong as she became.

Supper's Ready!

MELICENT HUMASON LEE

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

LUCY ANN waved to her father as he rode away on his white horse over the dry brown hills of Southern California. Every morning he rode off to tend his cattle in a green valley dipping far beyond. And every evening at sunset he rode home again, hungry for the supper which Lucy Ann always had ready for him.

Now the eyes of the little girl lingered on the flock of hills over which her father was just slipping out of sight. Brown hills, crisp hills, late summer hills; hills unwatered for many months in this dry season; hills covered only with brush like the fur on a coyote's back.

They rose gently up and down—these hills—until they lost themselves in the slopes of a great pointed peak which Lucy Ann called Mount Lonely. And in their very hollow, in the shadow of Mount Lonely, snuggled the tiny brown shack where Lucy Ann and her father lived alone.

With a sigh, Lucy Ann turned her eyes away from the familiar scene. It was Saturday morning, and there was much work to do.

Other days, except Sunday, Lucy Ann trudged three miles to the nearest schoolhouse in a distant valley.

On the way to school, on a slope just back of the shack, nestled her play cave—a dim, cool cave hidden among friendly gray rocks. Well, she wouldn't have a chance to play there today.

She ran out of the doorway of the one-room shack, with its tiny lean-to, gathered dry sagebrush on the hillside, darted into the shack again, and freshened the fire in the stove.

Then she poured half a small cloth sack of red beans into a clay jar which an old Indian woman had made for her father, dipped a little water into them from a tin pail, and set the jar on the back of the stove. There the beans could simmer during the day.

She shook out the crumbs from the red-checked cloth on the one and only table, set the two chairs neatly in place, washed the dishes and pots and pans and put them away. Then she made up her own little wooden bed with its patchwork quilt, and then her father's



She snatched up the two chairs

big bed, which stood outside the shack under a feathery pepper tree.

Now she picked up a broom which she had made herself out of wiry flower stalks, swept the room clean, and dusted everything neatly. She never had time to dust on school days.

The rest of the day, after a lunch of tomato soup and toast, she spent in bending over the little table, fitting a patch into the knee of her father's overalls, and sewing it with strong, tiny stitches.

The afternoon slowly drifted along like a moving shadow. It was growing nearer and nearer supper time. Lucy Ann finished the patch, hung the overalls in a corner of the lean-to, and gave one careful glance about the room. It was clean and neat.

She went to the open doorway. Instantly something seemed to blind her. She covered her eyes with both hands. Then slowly she drew her hands away. The whole world seemed full of golden light. It seemed to Lucy Ann as if she were standing in the very center of a golden California poppy and peering through its petals.

Could the sun be spreading into a stain? She stared at the very spot over Mount Lonely

where the sun ought to be at this time. Instead of the friendly afternoon sun which she saw every day of the dry season, she saw a sun caught in the tangles of a whirling wind-lashed cloud, and through the cloud it shone in two colors—the upper half orange, the lower half ruby.

Then as she still stared, she thought snowflakes were falling around her. She stretched out her hand. A tiny white leaf drifted upon it. The black veins of the leaf pricked through the white. She curled her fingers around the leaf. It powdered into white ash! It was a burned leaf. Now she knew. Mount Lonely was on fire!

With scared, wide-open eyes, she searched the sky again. She saw smoke pouring from Mount Lonely's peak. It wreathed around the sun, then twirled down the mountain into the gentle hills. She saw rivers of angry fire weaving through the smoke—weaving down, down to the tiny brown shack and Lucy Ann. The girl seized her checked apron in her hand and clapped it against her mouth.

Oh, how could she save the shack? There was no use, she knew, without asking herself that question twice. Every day her father had said, as he started off to the cattle range, "I ought to plow up that fire guard again." The fifty-foot fire guard of ploughed land that circled the little shack at a distance, cutting a wide path through the thick, dry brush, was already creeping back into the wild. Sun-burnt bushes dotted it here and there, bushes upon which the fire sparks could play hopscotch to the shack.

No, Lucy Ann could not save the shack—that she knew. But she must save everything in it, because that was all that she and her father owned in the whole world, except a small herd of cattle. She must think quickly.

Flocks of thoughts like wild birds flew through her head. Her eyes darted every which way, though she knew that there was no use in looking anywhere. Only dry and brittle brush circled her—brush ripe from many hot suns for a fierce red spark.

Then suddenly two words flashed in her mind. Play Cave! She and the things from the little brown shack would be safe in the play cave.

She rushed into the doorway and started instantly at her task. First she snatched the two chairs and raced with them up the little trail behind the shack to the cave. Then she ran back again, picked up the small home-made table.

She set it on her head, and carried it up. Then she rolled the light summer bedding and clothes and even the red-checked tablecloth and dish towels and things into two rolls and carried those up, one by one.

Now the simple groceries, quickly packed into a carton, now the dishes and pots and pans, now the tin pail of water, and a few odds and ends. Lastly, she seized the jar of simmering red beans between two cloth iron holders and carried that gingerly up the trail.

Once more she ran down and looked carefully around the little shack, which already seemed quite deserted. "I'll have to leave the beds and the stove," she sighed, "but I guess I have everything else." She thought a moment. "Oh!" she darted to a side wall, jerked open a loose board, and drew out a small roll of bills and a few pieces of silver. Her father's savings! What if she had forgotten those!

She flew up the path again, terror in her eyes as she heard the brush crackling and snorting behind her.

Just as she reached the cave, she looked over her shoulder. The fire was sweeping nearer and nearer the shack, lapping up the brittle bushes of the neglected fire guard greedily. Tongues of flames flickered up the slope toward the cave. . . .

She had not a second to lose. Was everything safe? A long time ago the Indians had used this cave as a hiding place for the acorns. This gave her a happy flitting thought: the Indians wouldn't wish their acorns to be

burned, either. They had gathered great stones and piled them before the cave entrance, so that Lucy Ann had to wiggle the table to get it through at all. Now only a narrow doorway remained.

She hastily cleared the entrance of every dry blade of grass or branch or root that crawled into it, and threw them far outside. Nothing was there now to tempt the flames. Then she set all the household things in the farthest corner of the rock-walled cave, and huddled in the midst of them.

But even though she sat safely in her corner, her head drooped to her knees and she trembled as she felt the hot breath of angry flames which were trying to rush inside and lick up what they could. But there was nothing to lick. Smoke poured through the doorway and curled under the rocky roof like cobwebs. Lucy Ann could smell it.

As she huddled there, her face still hidden, she heard a sudden rushing roar, and she knew instantly that the little brown shack in the hollow of the hills had gone away forever.

For years and years, it seemed, the little girl quivered in the corner of the cave. Then suddenly she ran toward the entrance. Somehow she knew that the fire had flown on. Yes, the fire had flown on. Only ashes lay lightly around the cave, and wandering embers like live curly threads of scarlet yarn.

She gave a quick glance into the hollow where the shack had nestled. Only black charred timbers and ashes remained. She



As she saw her father check his horse, she called

closed her eyes and drew her breath sharply, with a choking sound.

Then she opened her eyes bravely again and looked over the hills and up toward Mount Lonely. Only a wide desert of ashes lay from the peak to the valley. Red spurts of flame burst here and there among the ashes. And by some trick of the wind, parts of Mount Lonely had not been burned at all.

As she stared at her gray and scarred Mount Lonely, which looked lonelier than ever now, the sun began to set behind its peak. The sun no longer looked so strange, though it looked strange enough. Now it gleamed like a circle of dark orange glass, and a violet mist wreathed it. Long trails of smoky gold-tinted cloud floated away from the mist.

As she watched, some familiar thought seemed to break over Lucy Ann. The sun just setting behind the peak! That was always the sign that it was soon time for Father to come home. That was the sign to mix the biscuits and make the coffee. She had not a minute to lose!

She arranged the table and two chairs neatly in one corner and spread the red-checked cloth on the table. Then she gathered six stones that were clustered within the

cave. She set three stones in one triangle, and the other three in another triangle, as she had seen Indians do.

In the midst of each triangle she kindled a little fire from torn cartons and split boxes, and soon she set a batch of biscuits in a covered frying pan on one triangle, and a coffee pot on the other.

While the fumes of supper were filling the cave with a warm fragrance, Lucy Ann suddenly heard a long, low calling, like the mournful call of a coyote at dusk,

"Lucy Ann! Lucy Ann! Where are you, Lucy Ann!" The dreary tones of the call clawed at her heart.

It was her father. His white horse was galloping through the unburned brush of Mount Lonely, and he was calling wildly,

"Lucy Ann! Lucy Ann!"

Lucy Ann's throat screwed up in such a funny way that she couldn't speak a word at first. She cleared it several times.

Then, as she saw her father check his horse and look every which way around him, and she knew that he could hear her plainly, she raised her hands to her lips and called,

"I'm up here, father. In the play cave. And do hurry! Supper's ready!"

Story of the Dodo

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

IF EVER you hear anyone say that something is "as extinct as the dodo," the meaning is that the last dodo in the world died about three hundred years ago.

The home of this wild bird was the small island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean.

You may find it on the map a little to the east of Madagascar.

One day, which is believed to have been in the year 1507, crested parrots in the forest trees of Mauritius chattered aloud about a strange, white-winged bird that was flying over the waves toward their shores. Straightway the great clumsy dodo, not wishing to

The Dodo used to walk around
And take the sun and air.
The sun yet warms his native ground.
The Dodo is not there!
The voice that used to squeak and
squawk
Is now forever dumb.
You yet may see his bones and beak
All in the Mu-se-um! *

miss anything of interest, waddled down to the beach. The parrots, too, went flying nearer to talk with one another about the first ship that ever landed at Mauritius. Indeed all the inhabitants of the island flocked to the water's edge when the first human beings they had

ever seen, the captain of the ship from Portugal, and his crew, stepped upon the land.

Mauritius then was a bird island where there were no four-footed beasts. With the dodos and the parrots, there were, to use the words of an early voyager, "doves, Indian crows, thrushes, owls, swallows, and many small birds; white and black herons, geese, ducks, tortoises, sea-cows."

The strangers treated the reception com-

* From "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd., London.

mittee rudely. Sailors laughed aloud at the dodos that bumped against them as they walked. It was plainly seen that the dodos could not fly, for the funny-looking birds had no wings worth mentioning. Instead of a tail, each bird had a few curling feathers at the end of a huge round body that weighed fifty pounds or more, the body covered with a coat that was mostly made of down.

It seems that dodos were giant pigeons that had lost the use of their wings, although when they welcomed the sailors they sounded like squeaking, squawking goslings. Anyway, they met the strangers in such a fearless, friendly fashion, that the seamen said to the birds, "You simpletons!" Only the word they used was the Portuguese for it, "Doudo." Thus were the dodos named.

Over and over the sailors called the gawky, ridiculous birds simpletons, because they did not know an enemy when they saw him. After the crew had dined on parrots and turtle doves that had perched trustfully upon their heads and shoulders and hands, and after they had whacked a few hundred dodos on their heads, and had pushed and knocked them around, the captain went back to the ship with his men and sailed away, helped by the roaring, howling winds that blew around Mauritius.

After that for another hundred years the dodos, the parrots, and other friends in feathers, lived in peace on their lovely island, undisturbed by any foe. No memory of the ship from Portugal troubled their dreams.

Then, in 1598, the Dutch sailed over the sea, took possession of Mauritius, and made the dodo famous.

Again the dodos were friendly, and again they suffered and died. To be sure, the Dutch had no way of knowing that Mauritius, the name they gave the island, was the only place in the world where dodos lived, and they treated them without mercy. In those days, birds were not protected by the laws of any nation: mankind everywhere was their worst enemy. The Netherlands killed the dodos by striking them on their surprised heads: but they stuffed the parrots, alive and screaming, into bags. Later they ate the parrots. The dodos they called nauseous birds, or walghoogel, because they found no way of cooking the meat to make it eatable.

After this, other ships from The Netherlands visited the island. Many descriptions were written of the bird, and drawings were made, which still tell the dodo's story.

They tell us that in the British Museum there is a manuscript written by a nobleman, about the year 1638, which begins like this:



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

"As I walked London streets, I saw the picture . . . of a strange fowl hong upon a cloth . . . and myself with one or two more Gen. in company went to see it. It was kept in a chamber, and was a great fowle somewhat bigger than the largest Turkey Cock and so legged and footed but stouter and thicker and of a more erect shape, colored like the breast of a young Cock Fesan, and on the back of a dun or deer color. The keeper called it a Dodo." That keeper, believing that he was doing right, fed his poor, starving, homesick dodo on stones; so no wonder it died.

One stuffed dodo in a museum at Oxford was the last of his tribe ever seen on earth: and when he became shabby-looking, and dusty, he was burned. The curator of the museum saved his head and one foot.

In 1644, men went to live on the island of Mauritius and with them went cats, and dogs, and pigs. Soon there was not a dodo left alive.

There never was but one egg in any dodo's nest, and even if that egg hatched, the little dodo died young, with so many four-footed enemies ever near. When the island was taken over by the French, it was too late to save the dodo. The crested parrots, too, had been exterminated. Near Mauritius are two smaller islands, and these islands also had birds that vanished from the earth soon after the arrival of mankind.

In these days you may see a reconstructed dodo in the Flying Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, at New York.

Making Marionettes

EDITH FLACK ACKLEY

HAVE you ever manipulated a marionette? Have you ever wished that you could make one, and thought, "Oh, dear, I am afraid it would be too hard for me?" Well, it need not be hard work. A marionette can be made quickly and easily, and you do not have to be an artist or a dressmaker, either; just an average somebody.

To encourage you, I'll tell you that I do not know of one failure, and I've told dozens and dozens, really hundreds of boys, girls, teachers, and just plain people, how to make marionettes this way that I worked out for myself. They all managed to make interesting characters, that had good action.

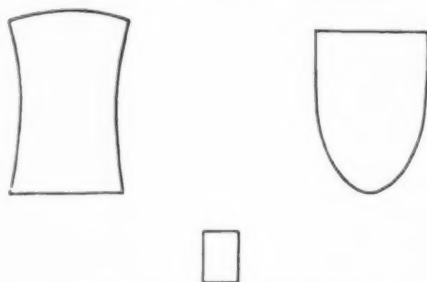
You will find that marionettes, made in the way I am going to describe, will be suitable for almost any marionette purpose that you may have in mind. They are perfectly satisfactory for professional entertainments, where there are large audiences running up to perhaps fifteen hundred, and equally or particularly fine for small performances.

You will find that you can have grand times making marionettes and planning sketches, arranging stages with scenery and props, and figuring out appropriate or spectacular lighting effects. Your marionettes can present incidents from history, bits from Shakespeare, or familiar fairy tales in French or German. Imagine a "take-off" on school doings—"A Day in School"—or Graduation Day.

Children around nine, ten, or eleven years old in schools, Scout groups, camps, or clubs, seem to specially enjoy making early American costumes.

Why don't you try making puppets to present our American Indian legends? It is fun searching for pictures and stories of different tribes, and finding ones that can be easily adapted to marionettes.

Spanish costumes are gay, and you would certainly be interested in Japanese, Dutch, and Russian clothes.



Patterns for body, neck, and head

Still younger children like marionettes which can be a help in classes. During spelling, for instance, let a little man try to read the words on the board, or let one child hold him and spell while another child asks the words. He can "put over" a great many ideas for you, too.

Kindergarteners enjoy a little chap who walks around shaking hands on certain mornings—admiring clean hands very much indeed. He also likes to lead the singing with his comical little motions. He likes to inspect, and he peeks in closets; he peeks at rubbers, hats, and coats. "My, my, my! Do you know that John can put on his rubbers all by himself?"

It is amazing how long a time children remember the words of a little marionette, and how seldom they pay any attention whatsoever to the strings on the puppet worker's hands.

If you are just someone at home with time to spare, you can make marionettes a source of income by working up a simple show with a friend or another member of the family, and advertising it for children's parties, or other entertainments.

But, whoever you are, you will have a great deal of pleasure from making them, and from the delight of everyone who sees them on a stage or in your living room.

For thin skins, use some kind of firm white cotton goods. Muslin is good; cotton crêpe is good.

For their "insides," use hospital cotton that comes in a roll (sixteen ounce rolls, usually).

If you will think of the parts of the body as little bags to be packed with the cotton (and packed hard), you won't have any difficulty making up all sorts of patterns.

For instance, make a bag for the torso—sew three sides, turn, pack with cotton and sew across the open end.

Legs are long thin bags. Leave the top open, stuff up to the knee, sew across, leave

a space empty for a joint, sew again and finish packing with cotton, but not quite to the top; then sew fast to the body. If the upper leg is packed to the top, the marionette won't sit well; you can easily try it before sewing. Some weight across the lower back makes him stay on a chair better when he sits down.

Turn up the foot into position—right angle to the shin—and take stitches to make it stay there. A little lead in each shoe is a great help, also.

Arms are slightly narrower bags, elbows made the same as the knees, and the top puckered up and sewed to the shoulder corner.

Leave the hands straight out, unless you feel ambitious. If you do wish to experiment, put a wire loop inside the hand, let it extend up into wrist, wrap your wire with white goods first.

The head is another bag, but you have to stuff it twice as hard as you think possible, to keep it from looking flabby. Fold over the top turning in the corners so that it won't be too square across the top.

The neck is a small piece of material—another bag really—but *not* stuffed. The head must be able to drop forward onto the chest.

Hair can be made of fine knitting wool, cutting a small handful of strands at once. I have used artificial silk floss, darning cotton, silk braid, and black velvet.

Faces, unless you are expert with paint, are better made with needle and thread. Black darning cotton is very satisfactory with red sewing silk for the mouth and nose. For children and women, use two fine, tiny stitches for nostrils. For clowns, a bit of red velvet makes a funny nose and if you experiment, you will find that you can pucker up a nose with white thread for men.

Dressing the marionette I shall leave, with all its fascination, to your imagination. It is quite simple, because the clothes do not come off and on. You sew each section to the body. Remember to use flexible materials and keep the clothes large enough so that the knees, etc., can bend freely. Measure with paper first if you are uncertain.

The control, or controller, to which the strings are tied, should be made of light-

weight wood. Have one stick about eleven inches long. To this nail two cross bars, one for the arms and one for the head strings.

Drill holes in the ends, and two just back of the head cross bar for the shoulder strings.

For the piece that controls the strings to the knees, use a narrow strip about nine or ten inches long with a hole in each end.

Fine fish line is best for stringing. Strong linen thread will do, but is more apt to tangle.

When you fasten the strings to the marionette (before you tie them to the control) begin with the head strings, each side just back of and a little above where the ears are supposed to be.

Have them a comfortable length, let the marionette's feet rest on the floor and you hold your arms out in front of you in working position.

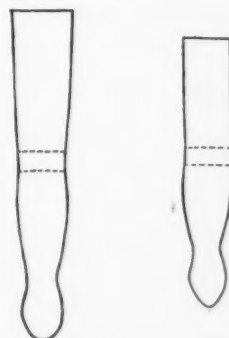
Next, in any order, fasten strings to shoulder blades, one to each hand, and one to lower part of back. Tie them to the cross-barred control. Then tie one string to each knee for the separate bar.

Tie the head strings first, to the control, then the shoulder strings, etc., keeping the control horizontal and the marionette straight up and down, hands down, as you work.

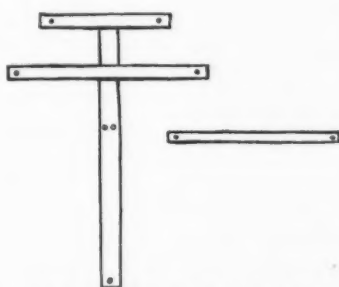
Now try him and if any part doesn't work as it should, cut the thread, put it through your needle and try another spot. It ought to be right the first time, but sometimes an arm or leg will be contrary.

Then, with a little trying and a little experimenting, you ought to be able to make a perfectly satisfactory marionette who will obey your orders (though some develop decided ideas of their own), and who will provide a great deal of fun and entertainment.

I think you will enjoy both making him and playing with him afterwards.



Arm and leg patterns



The controls look like this

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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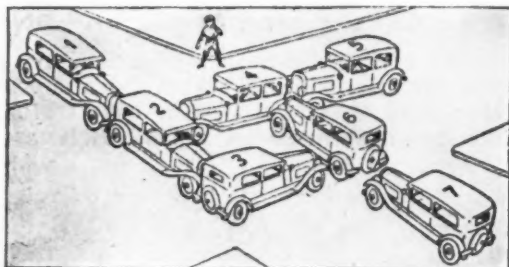
VOL. 19 OCTOBER, 1937 NO. 2

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THE POLICEMAN left the middle of the street, and while he was away, this traffic jam occurred. What is the quickest way to get the cars moving? (See page 27 for the answer.)

The New Poster

THE JUNIOR Red Cross poster for this year takes up a fascinating subject, the subject of Communications and how they have developed through the ages. "I'll put a girdle 'round the world in forty minutes," says Puck in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But telegraph, wireless telephone, and radio can girdle the earth in a matter of seconds.

These great strides in communications among all the peoples of the globe mean more than interesting and exciting advances in

science, greater comfort and convenience for business and pleasure, greater speed in the spreading of news, greater variety in what we read, hear, and see. They mean that the whole world is always closer and closer together, that Europe and Asia and Australia and South America and Africa are all nearer together in some ways than Maine and Florida or Virginia and California were even a hundred and twenty-five years ago. We are now so close together that things that happen in one part of the world affect other parts.

So, in studying your poster, think about what the progress in communications has done to knit the nations together and about why it is that there must now be greater co-operation among them.

We think some of the articles and stories that have come out in the NEWS in the past will be interesting to look up now. We have often urged schools to keep a complete file of the magazine, and we hope many have done so. If you want to see any of the articles we are listing here and have no file, write for the copies of the NEWS that you want, and we will supply them if we can, only we have not a large file of back numbers ourselves. Here are the references:

"The Behistun Rock," December, 1933. Example of cuneiform writing.

"What Ancient Egypt Was Like," April, 1933. Example of hieroglyphic writing.

"The Story of Books," by Gertrude Hartman, December, 1934.

"A Prince of Scientists," by Elizabeth Kehr, February, 1929. Story of Michael Faraday.

"The World in Your Telephone," March, 1931.

"The Universal Postal Union," by Francis Rufus Bellamy, February, 1936.

"The Magic of Radio," by Gertrude Hartman, September, 1935.

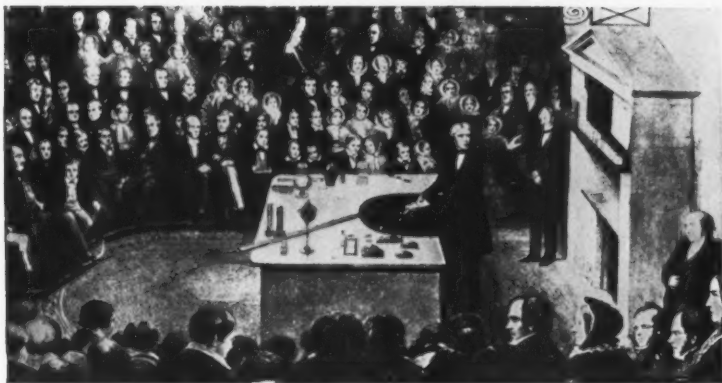
Roads

HELEN CULP

Seventh Grade, Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.

My road went walking
And tumbled down a hill;
Yours found a pink house
And winds around it still.
But roads like to travel;
So probably, sometime,
Yours will go journeying
And bump into mine.

—New York State Education



Faraday at his table

Magic in the Ether

HERE ARE two stories about miracles of wireless from the *Children's Newspaper*, London:

Sir William Bragg sat in Michael Faraday's chair in London

He struck a match which New York heard.

He lit a candle many years old.

The light of the candle fell upon a cell

Which sent out an electric current

Which reached a wireless transmitter

Which sent out a trans-Atlantic wave

Which worked a switch in New York

Which lit an old electric lamp

Which turned its light on to a cell

Which worked a switch

Which lit up the New York Science Museum

The wonderful house Mr. Rockefeller built.

A hundred years ago Michael Faraday sat at his table in London thinking out the mysteries of electric force.

In February, 1936, his successor sat at the same table, in the same chair, in the same room, and lit a candle that has not been put out.

In a room of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, Sir William Bragg sat in Faraday's chair at Faraday's table.

He struck a match and lit an ancient candle. Its rays spread across the Atlantic to New York, there to flood with light a new hall in the New York Museum of Science and Industry. The same electric messengers which carried and transformed the light of the candle's flicker, and carried at the same time the scratch of the match which all could hear, were those of which Faraday thought and dreamed a century ago.

The museum where the scientific men of today stood waiting became a hall of light, illumined by banks of mercury vapor lamps.

And all this happened in less than a second of time. In that moment the audience heard the match struck, and heard the voice of Sir William Bragg.

There was a man in Australia the other day who had a very bad pain. It got worse and worse till he knew that he would die unless something was done.

He did not send for the doctor, because there wasn't one. But from his lonely station he rang up the nearest nurse, who lived two hundred miles away at Alice Springs.

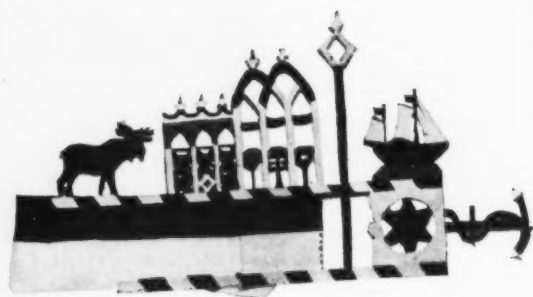
When the call reached Alice Springs, Sisters Inglis and Cavanagh, who live there, had just returned from a patient eight miles away. They set off again, traveled all night, and found that the man had acute appendicitis.

They took him back with them, traveling all day, and made him as comfortable as they could. The nursing homes of the Australian Inland Mission are usually primitive places, but they have wireless telephones.

The call for help went out. There came back an answer from civilization; a surgeon chanced to be coming from Adelaide, a thousand miles away.

A few years ago Alice Springs was only a telegraph station, but a railway had just crept out to it, and on the very first train to run into Alice Springs came the surgeon.

There was no operating table, no sterilizer, and no chemist's shop at Alice Springs, but they managed to save the man's life.



School Correspondence



The palm tree design in the upper left hand corner is the cover design for an album from St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands. The ship is from the same album. The carving above is from the Mittelschule of Cranz, in East Prussia. It is called a "Kurenwimpel," and is used to hold a pennant on the masts of fishing boats. At the bottom of the page: Juniors of Seiberling School in Akron, Ohio, made an album about the Indians they were studying. They are shown with the pueblo they built as part of the course.

On this page: A fantail on a New Zealand postage stamp. The cut-out was made by a sixth grade pupil in the Tallinn Elementary School in Tallinn, Estonia, and sent to this country with school correspondence. The doll was sent from the Ikuei School, Osaka, Japan, to Woodburn, Oregon (see page 27). The knight was a drawing in an album from Nuestra Senora del Pilar School in Madrid to La Grange, Georgia.



Something to Read

Seven Simeons

BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

Viking Press: \$2.00 (Ages 6-9)

KING DOUDA was young, wise, powerful, and so handsome that there was no princess to be found who was beautiful enough to be his wife.

Douda was very unhappy. He knew he was a very fortunate young man, and that he had everything one could want. Still, it would be charming to have a wife—

One day some sailors, who had travelled far, and seen many wonders, came to his court.

"And in all your travels," said the king, "didn't you see a princess who would make a worthy wife for me, and a worthy queen for this great kingdom?"

"Yes, your Majesty," they replied. "But she is not for you."

The King became angry. "How dare you speak so to me, King Douda? And why is she not for me?"

The sailors explained that the Princess Helena lived on an island so far away that it would take ten years to sail there, and ten years to come back. "And girlish beauty," they said, "is not like the taxpayer's duty. It is here today and gone tomorrow. Besides, the Princess has a father who is very powerful and very stern."

This made King Douda think very hard. But he decided to forget his worries and go hunting.

As the King and his courtiers crossed a wheat field, they saw seven brothers who looked almost exactly alike, seated on the ground. The King liked their appearance, and asked them who they were. They answered that they were seven brothers named Simeon. Each one had learned a different magic art from their father. The first brother could build a tower so high that from the top he could see almost everything in the world. The second brother could build a ship that would sail as fast in an hour as the

ordinary ship would sail in a year. And so it went, each one having a different trick.

King Douda decided that they were the very people to go and fetch the Princess Helena to him. So he promised them a fine reward, and sent them off at once. In less time than it takes to braid the hair on a bald-man's head, the seven Simeons had reached the far-away island. There they had several adventures. Finally they managed to bring the Princess Helena back with them.

When Douda saw her, he said, "Please, my beautiful Helena, make yourself at home. But if you say the word, I shall send you back again. I could not be so cruel as to keep you here by force."

What more can one say? The Princess saw how good-looking Douda was, and she fell in love with him. So they had a magnifi-

cent wedding, and all the Best People came.

Princess Helena's father was invited, but he did not come. So everyone was happy.

There are beautiful pictures by the author in red and gold and green.



Marty Comes to Town

ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS

Houghton Mifflin Co.: \$1.75 (Ages 6-8)

MARTY's real name was Mathilda, but she was called Marty, perhaps because the name was short and quick like Marty herself.

Her Grandmother gave Marty a little bead bag. Inside were four shiny new quarters. Grandmother said she was to buy whatever she liked most for herself with the money.

Next door to Marty in New York lived a little girl named Isabel, who went everywhere on tip-toe. She had an English nurse named Tibbetts. Tibbetts was nice, but she was always telling Isabel that she should be like the little English Princesses. Isabel said to Marty, "Sometimes I can be like the princesses, but not always. They never do anything wrong."

They went to the Zoo and had a pony ride.—C. E. W.

The Little Shop in Toad Lane

(Continued from page 4)

was agreed that The Equitable Society of Rochdale Pioneers should have the place for three years, paying the rent for each quarter in advance.

One dark, dismal evening in December, after their day's work was over, was the time decided on for the opening of the shop. The shutters were taken down, and small quantities of flour, sugar, butter and oatmeal were displayed in the windows. Two or three weavers had agreed to give their services, and one acted as salesman and another as cashier.

Some of the tradesmen of the town, full of curiosity, gathered outside to have a look at the new store and wondered whether it would take away their trade.

"Aye! the owd weavers' shop is opened at last," they whispered uneasily to one another.

A noisy crowd of street urchins hooted and jeered at the weavers as, one by one, they made their way to the store. But the humble workingmen and their wives crowded into the little shop to buy, until finally there was nothing more left on the shelves.

At first the shop was open only on Saturday and Monday evenings, but soon the two nights became three, four, five. Only the best quality goods were kept, and full weight and measure were always given. This fair dealing made many friends for the little shop, and soon it was showing a substantial profit.

Every member received his share of the profits in proportion to what he had spent in the store. The cooperators were better fed and better dressed than they had ever been in their lives, and their neighbors were not slow to notice the many new little comforts in their homes. So membership in the society grew steadily.

Gradually news of the new venture spread beyond Rochdale, and branches of the Toad Lane shop were opened in other places, and new societies were formed. By and by co-operative wholesale houses were opened to supply the retail stores with goods. In the course of time, the cooperators were weaving their own stuffs, making their own shoes, sewing their own garments, and grinding their own corn and coffee: and their warehouses were stocked with all sorts of goods. Within a dozen years their sales amounted to a hundred thousand dollars. Thus was proved the practical value of cooperation.

Not quite a century has passed since the Equitable Pioneers opened their little shop in Toad Lane, and today there are cooperative societies in nearly every country of the world. In our own country, especially in the states of the Middle West, the movement has grown by leaps and bounds. Many people believe that it is only when all business is carried on in a truly cooperative manner that we will be able to solve the many great problems we have in the world today.

Our Juniors Keep Busy

LOST to many youngsters on Indian reservations today are the old arts and crafts, songs, dances and stories dear to their ancestors for generations. But thanks to an allotment from the National Children's Fund, about which we told you last winter, this part of their inheritance is being brought into the daily life of at least some Indian children. Part of the money from the Fund is paying the salary of an instructor who not only teaches the children, but spends a good bit of time in searching out old legends of song, story, and dance.

Children at the Carson Indian School at Stewart, Nevada, made the most of what they had been taught of tribal folklore by planning for their commencement week program a pageant, "Hands Across the River," a pan-

tomime in three acts, with readings, songs, and dances. The scene was laid in Indian villages near the Umatilla River in Oregon, some sixty years ago. The story told about how climatic changes had made hunting poor and two tribes, the Malilye and the Umatilla, who formerly had lived peaceably side by side, had been warring over the hunting grounds. How two wise old chiefs who had been boyhood friends made peace between their tribes was shown in the action of the play.

The pageant was written by students of the school who are members of the Warm Springs Tribe of Oregon. Three of the dances were originated by the pupils, too.

J. R. C. MEMBERS who attended the Conven-



A Veteran's Thank-You (See page 24):

We thank you for the	When you have made
little ships	discoveries
That voyaged on each	We hope you'll find it's
tray.	true
Reminding us of Red	That you'll discover
Cross	Friend Ships
On Chris Columbus	When you go "C-
Day.	Ward," too.

tion in Washington last May, will remember that "When Disaster Strikes," the program planned for the first night session, was one of the most exciting events of the week. One of the brightest spots was the pre-view of the Red Cross flood film, "Behind the Flood Headlines." From the beginning of flood waters on through to rehabilitation, all that the Red Cross does to help the people is shown in this motion picture taken right on the spot. Lowell Thomas describes the scenes in the picture, which takes eleven minutes to run.

If your school would like to borrow a copy of the film for use in auditorium or Council programs, just ask your local Red Cross Chapter to order it for you from the William J. Ganz Company, 19 East 47th Street, New York City. There is no charge, except transportation costs both ways. Be sure to specify that you want the 16 mm. size, and whether you want a silent or sound print. There is a larger size film for use in theaters, too.

GATHERING their material from foreign activities notes which had appeared in the News, members of the sixth grade in School No. 63, Baltimore, Maryland, prepared a radio sketch. An announcer introduced Elizabeth

of England, Anne of Belgium, Mitzi of Germany, and members from other countries. In turn, they told of special activities undertaken in their own countries. In closing, the announcer introduced the Junior Red Cross president of the class who said, "Girls and boys, I'm sure you've enjoyed this short sketch, which I hope will encourage you to continue the good work in the Junior Red Cross."

WHEN the Washington School of Modesto, California, wanted to raise funds, they planned a candy sale, and organized it in a most businesslike way. Committees were appointed to make posters, send notices to schoolrooms and parents; another to make aprons, head and arm bands for the children who were to sell the candy. Other groups decorated boxes in which the candy was carried, took care of the money, and made a candy stand. When it began to look as if there would be a larger demand for the candy than they had expected, Juniors brought still more, and batches were made up in the cafeteria at school. Fourteen dollars was raised for the Service Fund, and the money was sent to help children who were in the flooded area. An account of the candy sale, as well as a picture showing the Juniors who helped to make it a success, were included in a school correspondence album sent to New Zealand.

LAST YEAR the variety and quality of menu covers made by J. R. C. members for the Christmas dinner of men on board United States Navy vessels seemed better than ever. In a circular letter to all Navy vessels, the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation said, "I have examined samples of these menu covers, and am greatly impressed by the excellence of the workmanship, the evident painstaking labor with which they have been produced, and the interest and spirit which they display. Commanding officers are strongly urged to make suitable acknowledgment."

UNDER the direction of the Junior Red Cross Council, Elizabeth, New Jersey, members packed almost six hundred Christmas boxes last year. All schools helped to fill the boxes. They were carefully inspected before leaving the school, as well as at one central point where all the packages were assembled for shipping. Boys of the Vocational School prepared the boxes for shipping to New York.

Some of the gifts sent abroad were made by

the Juniors themselves, but others, such as pencils, rubber balls, crayons, small writing tablets, dolls, hair-ribbons, socks, handkerchiefs, and water-color paints, were bought. Included also were packets of seeds, mounted pictures of trees in New Jersey, pressed ferns, and mounted butterflies.

LAST YEAR'S theme for Junior Red Cross work in Macon, Georgia, was safety in the home and on the school grounds. The schools vied with each other in making their programs interesting and original.

Instead of an Easter egg hunt, one school conducted a glass hunt on the school grounds at Easter time. Members first protected their hands with cheap cotton gloves. Then they went out, and during a given time picked up all the glass they could find. Sixty pounds of glass were collected.

Another school had weekly J. R. C. meetings outside of school hours in which the older Juniors volunteered to conduct special safety classes for the smaller children. Each school had at least one safety play during the year for an auditorium. If any school would like to have a safety play for auditorium use, we have several mimeographed ones which would be suitable. To get them, just write to Headquarters Offices in Washington, St. Louis, or San Francisco, depending on where you live.

All the Macon schools took part in a safety poster contest. The posters, hundreds of them, were judged at the annual Red Cross banquet. The prizes, given to the schools, of course, and not to individuals, were First Aid kits and First Aid and Life Saving textbooks.

All schools have a special J. R. C. room fixed up for their meetings. A city-wide Council meeting has been held each month, and various phases of safety have been discussed.

Because a number of children had been injured by falls or bumps in one of the elementary school corridors, the J. R. C. members appointed monitors to watch the halls and keep the children from running.

The President of the city J. R. C. Council, and other high-school members, have made special J. R. C. talks on safety before all the civic clubs in the city. A report

was given at the Georgia Red Cross Regional Conference, also.

FROM THE San Pedro Street School, Los Angeles, California, this letter went in an album to the Johanneskolan, Malmo, Sweden:

We were delighted to receive your portfolio from Malmo. It was a beautiful book. It gave us all a real thrill to get a book from far-away Sweden. In this book we try to tell you something about our school and the neighborhood in which we live.

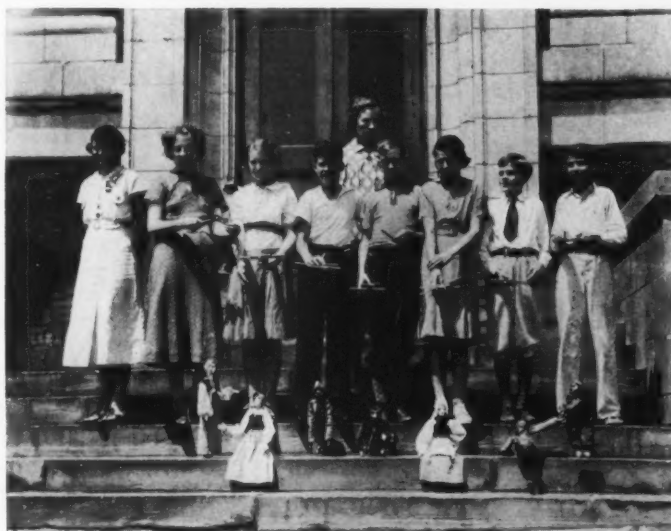
Our school is quite large. It has over 1200 children and 33 teachers. There are six grades and a kindergarten in our school. All the rooms have joined the Junior Red Cross.

The schools in Los Angeles are usually named after streets; so our school is called San Pedro Street School. In our school yard there are two buildings, a frame one used by the lower grade children, and a cement one used by the upper grades. We, being in the fifth grade, have our room in the cement building. Our building has a pretty lawn in the front with nice green grass and lovely trees on each side of a brick walk. The children in our school are nearly all of the Mexican or Spanish race. There are also some Japanese and Chinese children.

Near the end of the fall term we had what is called a "Play Day," in which the different classes ran relay races. The winning classes were posted.

During the month of May we had a May Day festival. All the grades took part in folk dancing in the big school yard. It was a very pretty sight to see the children dancing. All the children in the dances had either colored paper caps, ribbons, aprons, or sashes.

We enjoyed the photos of Swedish scenery. Sweden must be a very beautiful country. We are looking forward to receiving another portfolio from you.



Members in the Mason School, Akron, Ohio, with puppets they made for a performance of "Troll Magic"



Help prevent accidents! It is dangerous to swing too high

FOURTH-GRADE members of the Portage Training School of the Western State Teachers College at Kalamazoo, Michigan, have for some time been making stuffed dolls and circus animals for children's hospitals. They drew the pictures, made the patterns, sewed, stuffed, and dressed the dolls.

This year they decided to try something different, and so they started out making what they called Junior Red Cross puppets. Besides the usual stocking puppets they made some from shoe trees. The wooden toe was used for the head, a narrow strip of fur made hair, beard, or moustache, and a tiny piece of wood the nose. Mouth, eyes, and ears were painted on. For unusual character studies, these Juniors used roots or strangely shaped branches as heads. They wrapped the heads in coarse cloth, made the hair of bark fibers, raffia, or wood wool, and dresses were trimmed with acorns, shells, pine cones, needles, and so on. Other types of puppets were made from clay, or newspapers which had been soaked in lime water.

All sorts of playlets were given with the puppets, from historical sketches to several on safety first. The safety plays were written by the children on such topics as the danger of matches, removal of accident hazards in the home, and the danger of playing with medicine chests.

JUNIOR Red Cross members of the Caleb Bar-

num School at Taunton, Massachusetts, have adopted a group of men at the United States Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts. As each holiday rolls around, they try to think up some original way of remembering these friends. For Columbus Day, they bought some gumdrops and went to work making little tray favors in the form of ships like those used by Columbus.

The men who received these gifts were so pleased that one of the men in C-ward made the drawing which is on page 22. The original drawing was used by the Taunton Chapter of the Red Cross during Education Week in November.

FROM Saugatuck School, Westport, Connecticut, comes this report of J. R. C. activities. The letter went in an album to the Richards Lagow School at Dallas, Texas:

When school opens in September, the children of each room elect their Council members. This Council meets once a week. We elect our officers at the first meeting.

Last year we sent two albums to the Juniors in Japan along with a Shirley Temple doll. We received two lovely albums from them also, and last month they sent us a beautiful doll, dressed in native costume.

We filled about sixty Christmas boxes. We fill these boxes by bringing in unused things. We do not send such things as guns or soldiers for fear of hurting the Red Cross spirit of friendliness. One of our teachers took a moving picture of us putting Christmas boxes into a large basket out in front of our school.

Every year we remember Westport's Gold Star mothers on Armistice Day. Last year there were three, but this year there are only two. We are planning to send them some yellow chrysanthemums.

Our Juniors have much pleasure in sending cards, flowers, or ice cream to people who are ill. We remembered the veterans on Columbus Day by sending them a year's subscription to the *Literary Digest*. We have planned to have a bazar to raise money for the coming year. We enjoy doing these things, and we wish we could do them all the time.

We Westport Juniors wish to cooperate with you Juniors in Texas and to be friends forever.

STATION KMJ of Fresno, California, recently gave over a fifteen-minute broadcast to the J. R. C. The chorus from Jefferson School sang the Junior Red Cross song. A member of the Chapter's Junior Red Cross Committee

was interviewed, and spoke on Junior Red Cross work in the Chapter. The president of the local Junior Red Cross Council also told about school activities.

FOR SOME years now, sets of original paintings by Anna Milo Upjohn, former Junior Red Cross staff artist, have been traveling from school to school the country over. They have been used to stimulate interest in world friendship as a part of auditorium programs, school and library exhibits, and to form the background for plays and pageants. From Salt Lake City comes the report that when a local group of Girl Scouts played host to all the Scout troops of the city, they asked permission of the Junior Red Cross to borrow Miss Upjohn's paintings. The local Director of the Council of Girl Scouts wrote, "I wish I might tell you how very appreciative we were for this loan. All who saw the pictures were delighted with them, and spoke of our good fortune in being able to borrow them."

The Girl Scouts, by the way, are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary this year.

FLOOD waters destroyed the library of the Douglas School in Cache, Illinois. Through the National Children's Fund, a collection of stories for all ages, a dictionary, and a twelve-volume encyclopedia were sent to replace the lost books. Here is the letter of thanks that came from the schools:

We have just received the wonderful gift of books that you sent to our school to help us build another library. We were awfully surprised to have you consider our school so kindly.

Our county superintendents have been kind in doing what they could for us, knowing that we did have a fine collection of books in our library before the flood came. It destroyed everything in our school. We had become a recognized school in December, and the library counted many points.

Each boy and girl would like to thank you individually, but we will have to all say "Thanks" in this way. We hope when school starts another year we can become a member of such a fine-spirited group of boys and girls as you Junior Red Cross members.

IN ELECTING Junior Red Cross officers, the Murray Avenue School of Larchmont, New York, has candidates from the grades make speeches telling about the ideals and purposes of the Junior Red Cross. From the speakers, the officers are elected by popular vote.

The Program Picture

EVERY Junior Red Cross worker knows that these boys mean something besides pumpkins and onions!

In this case it meant a determined effort on the part of thirty Montana boys and girls to make it possible and easy for a lame boy to go to and from school.

Bob had met with an accident. For a year or more he would have to go on crutches, and there was no school bus to stop for him and take him home.

He was a favorite. Everyone missed him, and Bob himself missed his comrades, and worried because he was falling behind his class.

Something must be done about it!

So when school closed for the long vacation, it was decided that the proceeds from the Junior Red Cross gardens already started should be spent to bring Bob back to his class in the autumn. Those who had no gardens sold eggs, mowed lawns, made candy, or split kindling wood and laid it away for the winter.

The gardens prospered that year. No one tried to outdo the Idaho potatoes, but marvelous tomatoes, turnips, onions, and beets went to the Fair at Billings. Many a hike was given up to pick the string beans and the peas at the right moment, and sweat ran down the tanned cheeks of young workers as they harvested the vegetables, cucumbers, and pumpkins on the high benches.

When school opened in September there was a picnic lunch at which corn and potatoes were roasted in the ashes, and a salad of many vegetables was served. Best of all, Bob was there!—A. M. U.



A first grade in Hibbing, Minnesota, enrolls in the J. R. C.



Juniors of Karence, Czechoslovakia, oiling the floor of their school

Juniors Abroad

NOT ONLY in the United States, but in many countries abroad as well, Junior members are doing more and more in Red Cross campaigns for safety.

The *Canadian Red Cross Junior* reports that early in the school year, an accident occurred in the playground of Dufferin School in Toronto. Immediately, the boys of the J. R. C. formed a safety league, and they were successful in preventing any other accidents from happening that term.

From the Hungarian Junior Red Cross magazine we have taken this story:

A farmer of Rakreges, an out-of-the-way little village of the Puszta, cut his thumb very badly, chopping wood. He tried to stop the bleeding by putting a spider's web on it. The nearest druggist is ten miles off the Puszta, and the nearest doctor about the same. The man could have bled to death before reaching either of them. The neighbors gathered, tried to give advice, but did not know how to help. At last old Abris came, and seeing the bleeding hand of Farmer Kerekes, he said: "Friend, go quickly to the school; the children there have something they call 'first aid kit,' they will surely be able to do something for you!"

"Children! How could those kids help me? I really can't imagine it." But as there was nothing else to do, the farmer made off for the school, where he was greeted by the Juniors, who, after having carefully removed the spider's web and dirt, thoroughly disinfected the wound and correctly bandaged the thumb.

"But you must come back tomorrow," said little Juliska Horvath, "for we have to take off the bandage, examine the wound, and bandage it afresh."

The farmer's thumb healed quickly, leaving only a little scar, but the reputation of the Juniors was established. All the villagers who meet with accidents go to them for help.

BRITISH J. R. C. members save odds and ends of wool which they knit into patches for quilts. The school nurse finds that these warm knitted covers are welcomed by people who cannot afford to buy the proper bed-coverings.

FOUR hundred Juniors attended the conference organized by J. R. C. members of the Tharparkar District, Sind Province, India. First-aid demonstrations, a small exhibit of albums and charts, as well as plays and sketches, helped to make the program enjoyable.

THE JUNIOR Red Cross Committee at Milevski, Czechoslovakia, arranged to have a specialist examine the eyes of some of the children at their school. Thirty pupils were found to have poor sight. Arrangements were made to buy glasses for those who needed them, and next year six of the children who had to have a specialist's attention, will be examined again to see what improvement has been made.

EVERY WEEK, members of the Cororooke Circle, in Australia, have what they call a Shop Day, to earn money for their Service Fund. The children bring toys or books they have outgrown, as well as pencils, blotting paper, fruit, candy, and even funny papers. They say, "Anything that would sell was sold in our shop. All the goods were gifts, too, so although we are only a small school, and most of the shoppers had only pennies and threepences to spend, in three months we have made five pounds, thirteen shillings, five pence. The children loved Shop Day, and it held their interest in the Red Cross work all the time."

CHOLERA broke out in Kosapet, Madras, India, and the Junior Red Cross immediately started to help in the fight against the disease. They carried on an educational cam-

paign, watched carefully, and reported every case of cholera to the Health Department and helped to send the patients to hospitals for treatment.

FOR A mother living near their school, Junior Red Cross members of a school in Havana, Cuba, made a basket and cradle.

JUNIORS of the Primary School at St. Cosma, Greece, keep their own school yard clean, and cultivate the school garden. But more than that, they look after the village fountains and the church yards as well.

THANKS for a gift from the National Children's Fund came to American Juniors in this letter from the Elementary School at Zhor, Czechoslovakia:

The Junior Red Cross organization in our school was founded in 1926. At first we elected a Junior Red Cross president and a health inspector. We immediately began to care for cleanliness in the school. At the end of the school year 1926-27, we already had our own marionette theater, which soon became a source of great pleasure and income to our Juniors. Our marionettes were 30 centimeters high.

We soon began to correspond with several Czechoslovakian schools. We still have all their letters. We also write a school chronicle in which we describe our Junior Red Cross work the year through. We have our own school band, too. We play string and wind instruments. People of our community like very much to have our band play officially at different festivals and ceremonies. The instruments belong to the Junior Red Cross members. We still have to pay 2300 kc. for them, but although the profits of our concerts are not very big, we hope that with some effort we will be able to pay our debt in two years at the most.

Some time ago we had another debt which seemed heavy enough to us, for the washingstand, namely. But having got your generous gift, we were able to settle it. We used your money entirely on our health activity, as well as for health care for our Junior Red Cross members. We made a drinking fountain in our school and, in order to keep our classroom clean, we made a shelf to keep our slippers on, and we began to change shoes when coming into school. We also completed our school apothecary with more drugs, and cared for more teeth. We enjoy Junior Red Cross activity very much, because we learn to care better for our own health and hygiene, and because we also learn to love one another.

We thank you again most warmly for your gift, which has enabled us to widen our health activity so much. Every time we drink water from our fountain, or when we wash our hands in our school washingstand, we thankfully remember you. We wish you the best health and success.

WITH THE doll whose picture is on page 19 this letter came from the Ikuei Higher Elementary School, Osaka, Japan, to the Lincoln School of Woodburn, Oregon:

We are very happy to write you through the Junior Red Cross. We live in Osaka City, which is in the central part of Japan. It is known as the greatest commercial and industrial city in the Far East, and is second to the capital city, Tokyo, in population. Osaka is often called the City of Smoke or the City of Water, for there are many rivers running along the streets, and it bristles with innumerable chimneys. Many ships of various countries come in and out of the large port.

Our school is in the central part of the city.

Besides the regular lessons, boys learn jujitsu and fencing "Kendo," and girls learn halberd. Once a term we have a great athletic meeting.

Our school joined the Junior Red Cross three years ago. Every day we are working to realize the Junior Red Cross ideals.

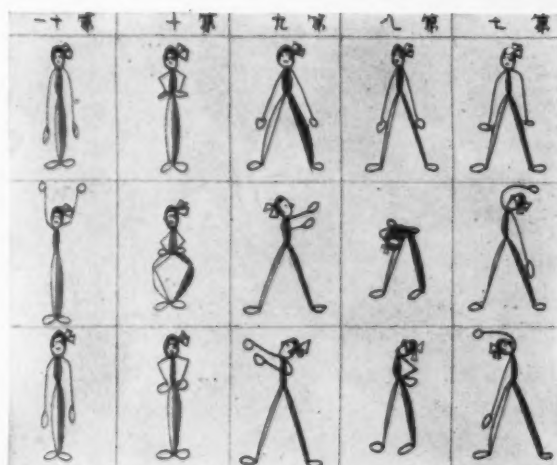
Now we are sending you a doll in costume for a form of dancing called "Shiokumi," which means, to dip up sea-water; miniatures of Japanese poem cards, "Hyakunin-Isshu," with which we play in the New Year Season; and a wall decoration. We hope they will interest you. If you would like to begin international school correspondence with us, and kindly send us some of your school work or a doll, we shall be much pleased.

THE TRAFFIC JAM SOLVED

THIS is the answer to the puzzle on page 16:

The third automobile has to move back; then number one and number two machines can proceed; then number four and number five, and finally numbers six and seven can go forward.

—Latvian J. R. C. Magazine



The Juniors of Tokiwamatsu School in Tokyo included a picture of their setting up exercises in an album to Washington, D. C. Read Japanese style, from right to left and from bottom to top



The Mansion

Elizabeth Coatsworth

Pictures by Helene Carter

Every fine Saturday morning, Olga put up a picnic lunch for three, neatly packed away in an old covered basket. Alice's grandmother had bought it from the Indians, who in those days sold their work from door to door. Alice loved to watch the bright blue beetle-ware cups and plates, the curious knubbly parcels done up in wax paper, and the salad bowl with the nasturtiums on it tucked each into its place by Olga's quick fingers. Olga never forgot anything, not even salt, nor the fresh-picked sprigs of marjoram for the top of the salad. She kept her mind on what she was doing. She was not like Alice, whose mind half the time seemed to be on something else.

When the picnic basket was all packed, Olga went out and rang the ship's bell that hung near the kitchen door. Then Alice's father got up from his knees beside the herb garden, where he had been doing some late weeding. Alice's mother at her desk hastily finished a letter, and addressed its envelope. Alice very carefully carried the big basket and then the thermos bottles out to the car. And they were off.

They usually all sat on the front seat together because it was so much cozier that way. They explored forgotten roads. They chose roads with scarcely any wheel marks on them, where the trees nearly met overhead. On these roads they made many discoveries. They found streams nearly choked with bright red cardinal flowers. They found old mills with their roofs falling in, and their walls half rotted away, and their great stones thrown down. Once the mills had ground much corn into meal and much wheat into flour for the early settlers. They found the cellar holes of old houses on little coves of the salt rivers. The water sparkled beyond them. The lilacs clustered by the burnt chimneys and the pink Bouncing Bet grew wild among the grasses, like friends who had never forgotten the hands that first planted them so long ago.

Once they came on a little old house in the deep woods where apple trees grew high among the pines. The tumbled stone walls circled nothing but woodlands where someone had once had rye fields and pasture land. But the little house was freshly painted, and

there were bright petunias growing in green tubs on each side of the door. There was a little lawn tucked up close to its green door, and the windows were shining. But there was no one there at all. Alice named it the House of the Three Bears.

Their favorite road was a ridge road over the river with old pine trees growing above the walls like rows of giants. Now and then there were farms still occupied. The owners did old-fashioned things on these farms. They planted little strips of garden by the side of the road for the passers-by to enjoy. They used oxen for plowing and drawing the blue hay-carts. They dried hand-dipped candles from the beams of their sheds where the yellow seed corn hung. Not every farm did all these things, but each farm did one or the other of them. You might even see a hen with her chicks about her, which is a very rare sight in the Maine countryside in these days of incubators.

On this August Saturday, the men were out cutting the hay on the sloping fields that stretched down to the river.

Alice and her father and mother waved to them all and everyone waved back to them. But there was an air of hurry in the fields. The day which had begun so sunnily was growing overcast. The big white clouds had somehow turned black, and stood up like a dark wall in the northwest. Against them the woods and fields shone bright emerald. A little thunder began like the rattle and rumble of a hay wagon over a bridge.

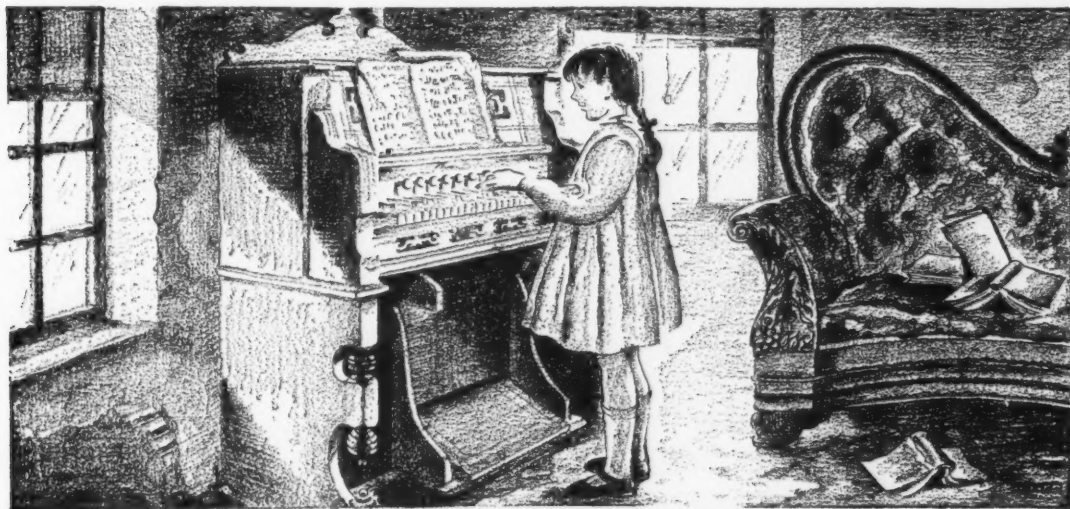
Alice's mother, who never cared for storms, said perhaps they had better be going home. But her father shook his head.

"We shan't be able to make it," he said. "It's coming fast. Perhaps we'd better try to go on to the Mansion."

"It may go 'round," said Alice's mother hopefully.

But the storm had no intention of going 'round. Fast as they drove, they had just reached the big, square, empty house when the leaves began to rustle and whisper "rain, rain, rain." Then the sun suddenly disappeared.

The first slow drops began to fall, and then there came a flash of lightning and



In the corner, between the windows, stood a little flat-topped organ

a clap of nearby thunder. The rain fell faster and faster.

It certainly seemed a very bad day for a picnic.

"Perhaps we'd better eat our lunch on the veranda," Alice's father suggested. "There's going to be a regular down-pour, I'm afraid." So while there was still time they each grabbed something and ran towards the house.

But the rain fell more and more heavily, and splashed into the open veranda. The thunder and lightning crashed and flared above them. Alice and her father and mother looked as dismal as three cats on a doorstep in a shower. Her father began poking and prying at the windows of the old house, and all of a sudden he shouted:

"Hurrah! Here's an open one!" He held it up until Alice and her mother and the picnic basket and the thermos bottles were all in, and then he came in, too. They had climbed into the kitchen. The stove was there, and broken dishes on the sink, and an old calendar of many years ago hung on the wall. The house smelled unused. They tiptoed into the next room. There was no furniture in it, except a clock that had lost its pendulum. But the parlor still had its rose-flowered carpet tacked on the floor, and there were still steel engravings of a congress of American authors and of St. Cecilia, and a Landseer stag. Someone had tumbled most of the books out of the shelves on one side of the fireplace. There was a haircloth sofa and chairs with grape ornaments. In the corner between the windows stood a little flat-topped organ, with music still on its rack.

The rest of the house was almost empty, except for big beds too heavy to

carry away, and pictures that nobody wanted. But it had an air of dignity, and its old wall papers had been there since before the Civil War, Alice's father said.

Outside the lightning and thunder had increased. The rain turned the window panes gray with the streams of water running down the glass. Alice went into the kitchen and came back with some old wooden boxes she had found.

"Let's make a fire, father," she said.

"Would it be right?" asked her mother, looking very cold in her damp summer dress.

Alice's father made up his mind.

"I can't see that it would do any harm," he said, "the chimneys seem all right."

In five minutes the parlor of the Mansion had become a real refuge against the storm. A small fire crackled and spat out sparks from the old fireplace (Alice put them out when they fell on the carpet), and the books were put back onto the shelves. While her mother laid the marble-topped table with the checked red and white tablecloth from the picnic basket, her father played Scotch songs on the little sweet-voiced organ. Alice liked it better than any piano she had ever seen or heard.

"Luncheon is served," said her mother, and they all pulled up their chairs and began eating hungrily.

"It's like being someone else," remarked Alice dreamily. "It's all so *secret*, like an enchanted house. I wonder who lived here?"

But they never knew.

After lunch they explored the sheds that opened out from the kitchen. They found a broom made from a single piece

of birch, with its end sliced into hundreds of splinters and tied together, so that the broom and handle were all one. "An Indian broom," Alice's father said. "I've heard that the squaws used to sell one for ninepence, though they took a long time to make."

There were cheese-making things, too, and a spinning wheel and loom. There was a cobbler's bench, with wooden feet hanging on the wall nearby; so that when the traveling shoemaker came once or twice a year he could use them for fitting shoes for the whole family during the days he lived at the house. One pair was just Alice's size.

By this time the storm had lifted, and there was a rainbow over the pines, and the leaves were dripping with drops that

caught in the sparkling new sunlight.

Alice's father carefully put out the fire. Then he took the paper bag that had had three peaches in it and wrote a note on it to the owner of the house, explaining who they were and how they happened to break in where only the spiders were at home.

But what else he wrote in the note Alice never knew until Christmas morning when she woke up to hear "O Little Town of Bethlehem" being played very sweetly and softly in her own playroom. She went flying out of bed to throw her arms about her father and welcome the little organ from the Mansion which had come to be her very own. It was all in tune now, with her name on an ivory bar set into the wood.



The Robins Correspond

MARGARET B. CROSS

Picture by Helen Cross

Dear birds who live in other lands,
We send our love to you,
We hope that you will write to us,
And tell us what you do.

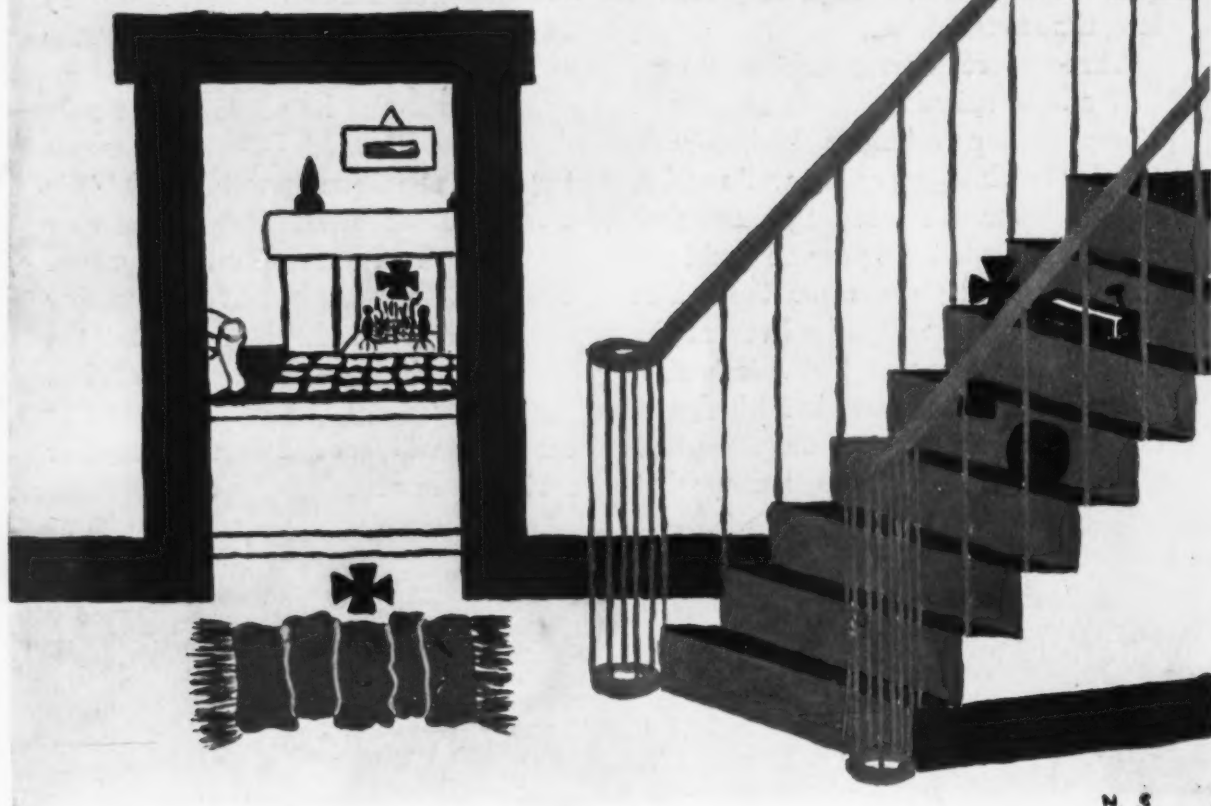
We want to know the songs you sing,
And what it is you eat,
And if you wear gay feathered coats,
Or dress in plumage neat.

And do the children give you crumbs?
And do boys rob your nests?
And are you troubled much by cats—
And rats and other pests?

And if you have some photographs
Please send them without fail;
The swallows coming in the spring
Will bring them by air-mail.

—British Junior Red Cross Journal

HAZARDS IN THE HOME



October twenty-fifth marks the beginning of the third year of the Red Cross campaign against home and farm accidents. More than forty thousand men, women, and children were killed last year in their homes or on their farms, by accidents that could have been prevented. Juniors can help by getting a check list of hazards from their

local Chapters, and filling them out. Enterprising Juniors of Springfield, Ohio, made two hundred and fifty posters. Those showing fire hazards were exhibited by the Fire Department, and the Police showed motor accident posters. Buses and one of the department stores showed some of the others. Norma Shanks made this one.

